

Rodney Standard, PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY M. DUFFIELD.

TERMS: \$1.00 per year, in advance, or \$1.25 per year, if not paid in advance. Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

THE MISSISSIPPI PRESS. A Convention of Editors. Persons discontinuing the publication of the year, at the time of their discontinuance, will be charged with the whole.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.

Advertisements: 10 lines for the first week, 5 cents per line; 15 lines for the second week, 4 cents per line; 20 lines for the third week, 3 cents per line; 25 lines for the fourth week, 2 cents per line.



YOUTH, THE FOUNTAIN, AND AGE.

By the author of "Death's Destruction," &c.

A careless child ran down a mountain side; He laughed with joy, That happy boy, His healthful heart with grief had never sigled;

From the mountain Sprang a fountain, Even pure as a chrysal was the limpid stream, And as it flowed, The boy's cheek glowed

With rapture;—yet how soon 's dispelled joy's dream! "Whither, sweet fountain, do thy waters flow?" So spoke the child, In accents mild,

As he lay down upon the sward below, Watching the spray, In the sun's ray, Of the clear sparkling drops that fell around;

Like diamonds thrown, Or pearls strewn; Richly o'erspraying the soft emerald ground. The breeze was hushed; the very leaves were mute,

Not e'en a bird, Within them stirr'd: When, lo! a voice, soft as a mellow flute, Breathed out in sighs Soft symphonies;

Which stole upon the senses of the child;— His fluttering breath Came calm as death;— The fountain spoke in doleful accents mild.

"As thou art, so am I—of earth, Who caused thy being, gave me birth; I've doted, ay, for a thousand years, Amidst a vale of human tears:—

From me great rivers trace their source, To the mighty sea my waters course; And much of storm, wreck, death, I ween, Hath pass'd 'midst my once calming stream;

And so life's changes, child, will be To thee a rough, tempestuous sea;— Youth is the fountain spring of life That rushes to the sea of strife;

When manhood comes thou'lt sadly know "Whither life's sweet waters flow." Then all was silent save the rippling sound The waters made; A transient shade Flushed o'er the spirit of the boy,—who found,

He knew not why, A deep drawn sigh Gush from his heart; the pang soon fled away, 'Midst breathing smiles, E'en such sweet smiles, As sunbeams lighting up an April day.

Onward he flew along his merry path, Unheeded he Of destiny; And those dark cankering griefs which Sorrow hath Garner'd for man, Through his brief span;

Away, away, the rosy laughing boy Danced o'er the flowers; Time's precious hours Sped pricelessly,—his life knew no alloy.

Years merged into the nothingness of Time; The golden hair, And beauty fair, Of the sweet child were gone; for many a clime Had preyed upon

The lovely one; He had seen raging war, famine, and plague, Stalk through the land, A ghastly band; At length his mind became a chaos—vague.

"All the master spirits of Florence," remarked a fair lady of high rank, who among the rest, had come to gaze upon the painting—all the master spirits in Florence may hide their heads now.

"Your art, signors," added her companion to the surrounding artists, "can produce nothing like that." "Did you say a boy, Giulietta?" demanded the lady.

"Ay, madam, and with a shape as seemly as my own; and that is something, I ween." "So young and handsome?"

"His face is as fair and unsullied as any on his own canvass—as fair—I had almost said, as yours, madam." "Nay, then, if he be so, it were worth a coronet to see him."

"And have you never, is it possible, beheld him?" "Never, how should I; he has been away—abroad; he has just returned to Italy."

"Ay, madam; but before he went, and since his return he has, I am almost afraid to say, often crossed your path?" "Mine, Giulietta! what do you mean?"

"Alas! madam, this young painter loves you; has long loved you with a kind of adoration which belongs only to enthusiasm, refinement, intellect and genius." "How you run on! you are a child, Giulietta—you jest."

"No, madam." "And if you do not, what care I! This young man is audacious if he presume to think of me before I have interchanged a word with him—before I know his character or listen to his voice."

"Ah! but madam, you have listened to his voice. It was he who sung beneath your window last year, and who saved you in the path by the river from the rufian Bandini. Despairing of your favor—for genius is ever modest—he withdrew from Florence and went abroad to foreign lands—beyond the Alps—I scarce know where. There his genius for painting drew all eyes, and he has carried his art so far, that no noble is richer and no painter more renowned. He has just returned. This is his first work here. The critics are in raptures, and his brother artists are dying of envy."

"Well, I hope he has long ago forgotten me," said the lady, with a blush. "I remember the boy you speak of, a mere child; noble and prince-like, certainly, but a silly boy. I never supposed he had been bold enough to think of me; travel has doubtless cured him. It was an idle dream."

"Ah! no, madam, Signor Dominica loves you yet; he sought me yesterday, and, to say the truth, induced me to persuade you here, that he might learn your opinion of the production." "It is most beautiful, it is heavenly; but where found he a face so lovely—not on earth surely?"

"It is your portrait, madam, from memory, and he has really succeeded in—"

"Hush, Giulietta, your tongue has no bounds." "Look, madam, he has entered the hall at this moment." "Let us go, Giulietta, instantly." "It is too late."

"He bows to you, Giulietta, and with the prettiest blush. Yes, it is the stranger who has so mysteriously hovered near me—gained an interest in my heart, and then abandoned me."

"How, madam?" "What have I said! Ah! Giulietta, you have betrayed me; you have made me betray myself. He is coming this way, too." "Yes, he approaches—he retreats—he will retire—you may never see him again." "Well, let him come, I will speak to him."

At a sign from the maiden, the young man approached, with a deep obeisance and a color that rose perceptibly at the unwonted honor of being thus publicly presented to the haughtiest and most beautiful of the Florentine nobility.

"Young painter," said the lady, resuming her self-possession, and with a grace and sweetness that dazzled the eyes and the heart of that fervid worshipper of beauty, "your production, which attracts the attention of all Florence, has not escaped mine. It has afforded me unmingled pleasure."

"I am too much honored," replied the artist in a low voice, "when such eyes deign to dwell even for a moment upon the humble work of these hands." "No," said the lady, raising her dark soft eyes modestly to his, and then lowering them beneath his ardent gaze, "you are wrong; genius like yours is humble only to itself. It sighs over what to all other minds is perfection; and even when it most triumphs, unconscious of its power, it most despairs."

"I produce on the canvass the effects which please you." "By such a frank acknowledgment you make us feel that you have something better than a skilful hand, a generous heart. You are every way fortunate. We have on this side of the Alps seen nothing so beautiful. In what way can I express my gratitude for the pleasure you have caused me in matter more substantial than words?"

"You embolden me to give utterance to a wish which has long dwelt in my breast." "Speak it. I know you would ask nothing which I may not grant before you name it."

"Yonder face," said the painter in a lower tone, "is the copy of one borne only in my memory, and till I approached the original, I deemed it not wholly unworthy. But now, I am in despair—my pencil is uninspired until I attain the triumph of my art by copying it anew from nature. I am a claimant for the honor of painting your portrait."

A slight color grew deeper at this request, and their eyes met. This lady opened her lips to utter a negative to a request couched in such bold language, but as she encountered the glance of this aspirant after immortality, she changed her mind, as women sometimes will, and said—

"Signor Dominica, I consent; you may take my portrait. Addio, Signor." "The artist bowed." "At four to-morrow, at the palazzo D—"

"Madam, I shall be punctual." Dominica had received from nature the gift of genius. The same partial providence which had invested him with inspiration, had bestowed upon him the form of Narcissus and the heart of Leander. It sometimes happens that some beings appear among men recalling the golden days when the gods walked through the woods and mingled among the shepherds. The lady of his dreams was, like himself, of half celestial mind and form. To his enthusiastic soul, this young creature had presented herself as the star of the evening. He watched and worshipped it as something not of the earth—above his reach—a light created to illumine other and distant spheres—

triple happy he, if, like a sad wanderer o'er the deep, he might sometimes behold it, and utter to its kindling beams his unrequited, his unheard prayers. What was his emotion when certain tokens awoke in his bosom a hope, a dream, an instinct indefinable as the light which first heralds the morn, but more intoxicating than the breath which rises from the valleys and plains, when the grass, trees and flowers are moistened with evening dew.

He had cherished only two burning hopes—the one was fame, the other love. The first he had acquired. Europe began to murmur his name with applause, and it was already recorded where future generations might read; and now, as if fortune in a laughing mood had resolved to fill his goblet to the very brim—the wildest and most delicious vision of his fancy was about to be realized. He was going to stand before that young seraph, whose eyes had already said more than his tongue dared to utter—more than his heart dared to dream. He muttered to himself in a kind of blissful phrensy—

"To-morrow—to-morrow—at length to-morrow—roll on, leaden hours—oh, when will it be to-morrow?" "A secret!" cried the knot of artists, gathered together in conclave in the grand square by the old tower.

"I knew as much!" said Berto. "I could have sworn it!" cried Anetello. "To be sure!" exclaimed a third—"I always said it was a secret!"

"The lucky dog! I, too, will visit Flanders!" cried Berto. "I am only five-and-thirty—quite a boy." "And how my haughty mistress, who queens it so before the rest of us, how she softened in his favor?"

"He is a rare fellow, and rolls in gold." "She will marry him if he wishes—she is young, and untamed—and her own mistress withal." "Jupiter—what a lucky dog!" "I swear," said old Berto, "I will go to Flanders too!"

It was night, and a very bright moon slowly ascending in the heaven, rendered every thing as visible, only in more softened outlines, as in the day. The young lover had wandered forth in a secluded path by the river, which wound for nearly its whole course through thick groves. He was not, however, long allowed to be alone. Castagna, the friend and guide of his infant years, joined him, and they walked together a long time, and conversed earnestly. At length Castagna said—

"Dominica, you know that I have ever cherished for you an affection all paternal. I have watched over your interests with fidelity and vigilance. I have been your best friend."

"And so I esteem you, dear Castagna." "But what is friendship, Dominica? It is mutual confidence. It is an interchange of each other's thoughts and sympathies. If you have troubles, you communicate them. If you have pleasures, you divide them. Ah! I have a soul for friendship. Too well I know what it is. Too long I have sighed for a true and real return!"

"Am I not your friend, Castagna?" "No!—oh, no!" "No!—how—you jest!" "You hold a secret from me, Dominica. Between friends there are no secrets." "But, Castagna, this is a part of my profession. To ask of me is to ask my fame. You are yourself so good an artist, that you stand at the head of the art in Florence."

"Not now—not since you have returned." "Ay; by which, more than by any skill of

"But I freely confess to all, that not skill alone, but a remarkable mechanical discovery only, places me in the eminence which—how—you weep Castagna?" "Did I?—why I believe there was a drop—I felt it rise to my lids. I did not know that it had left my lashes. I am old and tender hearted—and sometimes I think that I am almost falling into my dotage. Yes, Dominica, I did shed a tear—not from disappointment at losing the secret—off, no!—but at the fading away of a vision—a rainbow of the heart—a bright, deceitful, false—"

"My dear Castagna, what is it you would say?" "Your friendship, my beloved and once-trusted Dominica, I thought it mine. I pleased myself with the idea that you once loved me! Except yourself, there was no one on earth to whom my heart clung secretly. I have seen you a boy at my feet. I have watched your course to manhood with a father's solicitude and delight. I have not always, perhaps, sufficiently discovered my feelings—but—"

"Yes, my dear Castagna, I know you have always loved me. You once saved my life at the risk of your own—"

"I did. I was determined not to remember that incident first." "Moreover, when I was in want, you furnished me gold."

"That, too, I feared you had forgotten." "Ah! Castagna—perhaps, indeed, I felt convinced that I have not been right in concealing from you my inmost thoughts and knowledge. Yet, in relating to you the secret which you desire, I am about to make a great sacrifice. You are now the first Florentine artist, after myself. Possessed of this secret you will be the first. Yet, on condition that you never reveal it, it shall be disclosed to you."

"I solemnly swear it, Dominica." "Know, then, that at Borges I met a learned man, who taught me to despise water colors, and to paint—"

"Well!" "In oil!" "In oil?—I see. And you have told this to no one?"

"Not one human being this side the Alps has the slightest conception of it but we two. It will reach you all you desire. Now, have I not tested my friendship, Castagna?" "Nobly, Dominica—most nobly—embrace me—and my thanks be—this—and this—and this!"

The moonbeams glanced from a glittering blade; its keen point, at each thrust, pierced deep to the heart. There was a heavy splash in the river—the cloud sailed slowly from under the moon—the breeze gently waved the tree tops—Castagna stood alone.

"At length!" cried he—"at length, then, I am the first in Florence. I am without a rival!"

This incident, which marked the introduction of oil-painting into Italy, is related on the authority of Lanzi.

Mississippi Legislature. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. JANUARY 19.

Mr. Armat introduced the following bill: A BILL to be entitled an Act to provide for calling a Convention of the People of this State, to take into consideration the Constitution of the State of Mississippi.

WHEREAS all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority, and established for their benefit, and as, therefore, they have at all times an unalienable and indefeasible right to alter or abolish their form of government, in such manner as they may think expedient—

And whereas, since the establishment of the present Constitution, there has been a large and valuable accession of free white population to this State, embracing principally the citizens and inhabitants of the Chickasaw and Choctaw Districts, and comprised in the thirty new counties created since, and who had no voice or representation in the Convention which established the present Constitution—

And whereas, it is the opinion of this Legislature, that the present Constitution of this State is not sufficient for the purposes of a good, orderly, and effective government, or for the ready and certain administration of law, but is radically defective therein—

And whereas, it is the opinion of this Legislature, that the people desire a change of the same: Therefore, Sec. 1. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That on the first Monday and Tuesday of the month of next, it shall be the duty of the several sheriffs, or other officers authorized to conduct elections in this State, to open the polls for the purpose of taking the sense of the people, whether they desire a convention or not; and all qualified electors, authorized to vote for members of Congress, or for members of the Legislature of the State, shall be, and they are hereby authorized to vote at the said polls; and the votes or tickets given in at said polls, shall be marked with the words "Convention" or "For a Convention," or words of similar import, or marked with the words "No Convention" or "Against a Convention," or with words of similar import. And it shall be the duty of the returning officer at the close of the polls, to number the votes for and against a Convention: provided, however, that it is hereby made the duty of the sheriff of each and every county in this State, to post up at the Court house, and in the four other most public places in his county, notice of the opening of the polls, for or against a Convention, at least forty days before the same is to be held.

2. And be it further enacted, That the said polls shall be held at the same places, and under such inspectors and other officers, and shall be conducted in the same mode and form, and under the same regulations as are now established by law for the election of members of the Legislature.

3. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the clerks at said polls, to keep two separate lists, for the purpose of writing down the votes, one to be headed with the word "Convention," and the other with the word "No Convention;" and it shall be the duty of the officers at the different precincts, to make return thereof in the same manner as is now prescribed by law for returning the votes for members of the Legislature.

4. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the sheriff or other returning officer, of each and every county in the State, to make consolidated returns of the said votes to the Secretary of State to sum up the whole number of votes thus returned, in presence of the Governor, Treasurer, Auditor of Public Accounts, and Attorney General of this State.

5. And be it further enacted, That if it shall appear to the Governor of this State, upon the summing of said votes, that a majority of voters at the said polls were in favor of a Convention, then it shall be, and it is hereby made the duty of the Governor to issue immediately his writs of election to the sheriffs of each and every county of this State, commanding them to hold an election on the first Monday of

in their respective counties, for members of the convention, which election for members of the Convention shall be held at the same places and under such inspectors and other officers, and shall be conducted in the same mode and form, and under the same regulations as are now established by law for the election of members of the Legislature.

6. And be it further enacted, That in the said Convention, each and every county and city shall be entitled to the same representation as it is now entitled to in the House of Representatives of this State, and each Senatorial District shall be entitled to the same representation as it is now entitled to in the Senate of this State; and each ticket or vote for members of the Convention, shall be headed with the words "County" or "City Member," as the case may be, and "District Member," and shall be told and counted in the same manner, and with the same distinction as the votes for Representatives and Senators, are told and counted. And it shall be the duty of the returning officers of the different precincts, to make return of the votes for members of the Convention, and to make return thereof in the same manner as is now prescribed by law for returning the votes for members of the Legislature.

7. And be it further enacted, That it shall be the duty of the sheriff of each and every county of this State, to make consolidated returns of the votes for members of the Convention to the Secretary of State.

8. And be it further enacted, That the said Convention shall be held and holden in the town of Jackson, on the

for the purpose of establishing a new constitution for the State of Mississippi.

10. And be it further enacted, That the Governor and Secretary of State shall cause this act to be printed and published in every newspaper printed in this State, until the election of members of the Convention.

11. And be it further enacted, That this act shall be in full force and effect from and after its passage.

A BILL, To be entitled an Act limiting the Banks in this State in the amount of premium on exchange to be by them charged on checks, bills or notes, and for other purposes.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Mississippi, That hereafter it shall not be lawful for any Bank within this State, which refuses to redeem its notes in specie, to directly or indirectly charge a premium or rate of exchange as a premium, exceeding two and one half per centum upon any check, note, bill or draft, payable at any city or place within the limits of the United States, nor shall it be lawful for any such Banks to demand or receive more than one half per cent on exchange or premium upon the notes of any other Banks when given in exchange for the notes or bills of the Banks charging the said exchange or premium, and every bank that shall violate the provisions of this section, shall forfeit and pay to the persons suing for the same, the sum on which such overcharge shall be made.

Sec. 2. Be it further enacted, That whenever any forfeiture shall accrue under the provisions of the preceding section, the person suing for the same may file a bill of discovery in the Court in which such suit is brought, against any individual exposed to be in any manner connected with the Bank against which such suit is brought, and cognizant of the fact, and if such individual shall refuse to answer the interrogatories therein propounded, the fact shall be taken as confessed by said individual for forfeiture with the rest of suit.

Sec. 3. Be it further enacted, That this act shall be deemed a public act, and shall be in force from and after 20 days from the passage thereof.

The Maine boundary.—Mr. Seward, American Minister at London, has written to Lord Palmerston to urge immediate attention to the settlement of this protracted question, and suggests if the proposition of our Government of July 1833, is not accepted, that a new one be made by Great Britain.

N. Y. Star.